GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

12c

10016-609
SEPTEMBER

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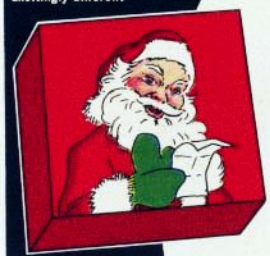

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The TWILIGHT ZONE

The MASQUERADER

MEET DR. FEDOR, FOREMOST NUCLEAR PHYSICIST AT THE NATIONAL ATOMIC LABORATORY... A MAN WITH MANY INVENTIONS TO HIS CREDIT! BUT THE MOST FANTASTIC INVENTION OF ALL--IS *HIMSELF!*

GENTLEMEN, MY ION-DRIVE ENGINE WILL BE READY FOR TESTING IN THREE MONTHS! IT WILL DRIVE A SPACECRAFT 2,000,000 MILES A DAY!

THIS SHOULD EARN YOU THE *NOBEL PRIZE* IN PHYSICS, DR. FEDOR!

BUT A SHOCKING MOMENT LATER...

DR. FEDOR... WE'RE FROM THE *F.B.I.!* YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH US!

IT WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST! I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU BOYS WOULD SHOW UP!

FBI

WHAT'S GOING ON? ARE YOU ARRESTING DR. FEDOR AS A SPY? ...A TRAITOR?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE AREN'T ARRESTING *DR. FEDOR,* AT ALL!

10016-609
T. ZONE #17-667

HIS REAL NAME IS OSCAR LORING--HE'S A CON-MAN WHO SPECIALIZES IN PASSING HIMSELF OFF AS A PROFESSIONAL IN DIFFERENT FIELDS!

WANTED FOR FRAUD
OSCAR LORING

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602.
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

LORING HAS POSED SUCCESSFULLY AS A SHIP'S CAPTAIN, A MASTER-CHEF AND AN AIRLINE PILOT! AND HE CONNED HIS WAY INTO EVERY JOB!

BUT *HIS RECORDS!* LOOK... CREDENTIALS FROM HEIDELBERG, M.I.T., THE SORBONNE!

ALL PHONY! YOU SEE, LORING IS A HANDWRITING EXPERT AND MASTER-FORGER, TOO!

BUT WITH HIS TALENTS, LORING MIGHT BECOME ONE OF OUR GREATEST NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS!

WE CAN'T LET *THAT WEIRDO* MONKEY WITH OUR COUNTRY'S *TOP SECRETS!*

BUT LATER, IN THE MASQUERADER'S APARTMENT...

YOU WERE KIND TO LET ME PICK UP A FEW THINGS, BOYS! IN APPRECIATION I'LL COOK YOU THE SPECIAL LOBSTER RECIPE I USED AS A CHEF AT THE WALDORF!

BUT HURRY! WE'RE DUE AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS SOON!

FEEL SO SLEEPY... ALL OF A SUDDEN... WHAT WHAT DID YOU PUT IN?

I SAID IT WAS A *SPECIAL RECIPE,* DIDN'T I?

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU! I DABBLED IN *CHEMISTRY*, TOO! GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!

WEEKS LATER, IN WASHINGTON...

SCOTLAND YARD, THE SURETE, INTERPOL... EVERYONE'S HUNTING FOR LORING! HE VANISHED LIKE A GHOST!

OR LIKE A HUMAN CHAMELEON! WONDER WHAT MASQUERADE HE'S USING NOW!

ARE YOU SURE THERE ARE ELEPHANTS AROUND HERE, FAULKNER?

NO MORE THAN TEN MINUTES AHEAD OF US! LOOK! THOSE TRACKS ARE STILL WET!

THERE'S THE PRIZE TUSKER I PROMISED YOU! WE'RE DOWNWIND! YOU CAN MOVE CLOSER FOR A SHOT! AIM BEHIND THE SHOULDER!

YOU *GOT* HIM! AND THOSE TUSKS WILL SET A NEW RECORD...

THANKS TO YOU, FAULKNER! YOU'RE THE BEST *SAFARI LEADER* IN THE GAME!

TAARAAA!

BARAMM!

BWANA, *NEVER* HAVE I SEEN SUCH TRACKING SKILL! I AM HONORED TO BE YOUR GUN-BEARER!

THANKS, ABIRU! BUT, AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN A SAFARI GUIDE *MOST* OF MY LIFE!

THE HUNT'S OVER! HE'S GOING BACK TO CIVILIZATION...BUT I'VE GOT TO STAY HERE, HIDING IN THE JUNGLE!

IT CAN'T END THIS WAY--WASTING MY LIFE CATERING TO OVERAGE BOY-SCOUTS! I'VE *GOT* TO FIND A CAREER THAT WILL USE MY TALENTS *TO THE FULL!*

THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS HE LIES SLEEPLESS...

SHOOTING STARS! AND ONE OF THEM IS PLUNGING TOWARD THAT MOUNTAIN.

AN EXPLOSION! I'D BETTER GO CHECK! BUT I'LL GO ALONE! THIS COULD ALL BE MY IMAGINATION! I WOULDN'T WANT ABIRU TO LAUGH AT ME!

BUT A SPINE-CHILLING SIGHT AWAITS HIM.

A SPACECRAFT... CAN IT BE SOME NEW DESIGN FROM CAPE KENNEDY? NO! THAT *THING*, CRAWLING OUT OF THE CABIN... IT'S *NOT* HUMAN!

THEN COME WORDS, SOUNDLESS, DRIVING INTO FAULKNER'S MIND WITH SAVAGE IMPACT...

THERE IS ANOTHER... IN THE CABIN! YOU... YOU *THING*! I ORDER YOU TO HELP ME!

Y-YES! OF COURSE!

I WILL RESCUE MY COMPANION! YOU, THING, WILL ENTER THE REAR HATCH! THERE IS A *CASE* INSIDE! IT WILL BE NEEDED!

I-I UNDERSTAND!

THE FANTASTIC POWER OF THE TELEPATHIC COMMANDS DRIVES FAULKNER INTO THE BURNING SPACECRAFT...

THIS STRANGELY GLOWING BOX... THIS MUST BE WHAT HE WANTS.

THIS IS A 5TH LEVEL PLANET. WE CAN SURVIVE UNTIL...

MOVE SWIFTLY... BEFORE THE FLAMES REACH THE *FUEL TANK*!

MORE TELEPATHY! I CAN UNDERSTAND THEM!

SECONDS LATER THE ALIENS ARE ENGULFED IN FLAME...

BALLLAMMM!

CREATURES FROM *SPACE!* I WAS THE FIRST MAN TO SEE THEM! NOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT, BUT THIS SMALL CASE... IT LOOKS LIKE SOME WEIRD KIND OF EMERGENCY *MEDICAL* KIT!

AS FAULKNER STUMBLES BACK TO CAMP...

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? WHO TORE DOWN THOSE TENTS?

MASAI RENEGADES, BWANA! THEY WOUNDED ABIRU, THE GUN-BEARER!

BWANA...A SPEARHEAD... IN MY CHEST! HELP ME!

I'LL TRY.

THOSE RAIDERS SCATTERED MY MEDICAL SUPPLIES, BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN *THIS* BAG I CAN USE!

YES, IT'S SOME KIND OF MEDICAL KIT! I NEVER SAW INSTRUMENTS LIKE THESE BEFORE... HOLD IT! THIS PICTURE CHART SHOWS ***HOW TO USE*** THEM!

THIS SCOPE... IT'S SOME AMAZING KIND OF X-RAY! I CAN SEE THE SPEAR-HEAD INSIDE ABIRU'S CHEST!

AS THE KIT REVEALS ITS FANTASTIC WONDERS...

I NEED A SCALPEL! HOLD IT! THIS MIGHT BE IT! BUT IT HAS A ***BEAM OF LIGHT*** INSTEAD OF A BLADE! THERE'S NOTHING ELSE! I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

AS THE PORTERS STARE IN AWE...

WAAHEEY! A KNIFE WITH A BLADE OF LIGHT! IT CUTS THE SKIN BUT THE BLOOD DOES ***NOT*** FLOW! THE WHITE HUNTER IS A MASTER OF WITCHCRAFT!

IT IS OVER IN MOMENTS...

THERE, ABIRU! THE SPEAR-HEAD THAT WOUNDED YOU!

AYEEE! THE WOUND IS CLOSED! THERE IS ***NO*** PAIN... AND ***NO*** SCAR! IT IS MAGIC!

YOU HAVE THE GIFT OF HEALING, BWANA! MY FRIENDS, MY FAMILY, MY PEOPLE WILL HEAR OF YOUR WONDROUS POWERS!

HE DOESN'T DREAM THAT MY MAGIC COMES FROM THIS ***ALIEN*** MEDICAL KIT!

WITHIN DAYS...

MY PEOPLE...THE SICK, THE INJURED... THEY COME HERE TO BE HEALED, BWANA!

I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP THEM, ABIRU!

AND SO IT BEGINS...THE MASQUERADER'S NEW ROLE...

WAH! ONE TOUCH OF THE HEALING BALM AND THE PAIN IN MY ARM HAS *VANISHED!*

THIS IS *IT!* THIS COULD BE THE CAREER I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR *ALL MY LIFE!*

I'LL BE ANOTHER DR. SCHWEITZER--ONLY BETTER! NOW I CAN REALLY DO THINGS FOR HUMANITY! IT WILL START WITH THESE POOR SAVAGES, BUT FINALLY, I'LL HELP THE WHOLE WORLD!

AS MIRACLE FOLLOWS MEDICAL MIRACLE...

FANTASTIC! MEDICINE'S GREATEST DREAM ...THE REGENERATION OF *LOST LIMBS!* AND THIS ALIEN HEALING RAY MAKES IT COME TRUE!

BUT ENVIOUS EYES ARE WATCHING...

THE NEW HEALER HAS A GREATER MAGIC THAN OURS!

MIGHTY IS THE FETISH IN HIS LITTLE BLACK BAG! THE PEOPLE TURN AWAY FROM US... *THEIR OWN* WITCH-DOCTORS!

AS THE WORD DRIFTS DOWN THE JUNGLE RIVERS.

YES, THE HEALER CURED MY SON'S BLINDNESS WHEN THE MISSIONARY DOCTORS FAILED!

THE HEALER! EVERYONE TALKS ABOUT HIM, BUT *WHO* IS HE? *WHERE* DOES HE COME FROM?

AND AT THE HOSPITALS ALONG THE COAST...

BUT THIS DOCTOR HAS CURED EVERYTHING FROM LEPROSY TO LEUKEMIA!

IMPOSSIBLE! *NO ONE MAN* COULD HAVE *ALL* THAT MEDICAL KNOW-HOW!

THEN, ONE DAY, AT THE OFFICES OF A GREAT NEWS WEEKLY...

THEY SAY THIS HEALER IS ANOTHER DR. SCHWEITZER! I WANT YOU TO FIND HIM AND GET THE STORY! I WANT *PICTURES* OF HIS HOSPITAL... HIS *MIRACLE* CURES... THE WHOLE BIT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE REMOTE JUNGLE COUNTRY...

THIS MAN CANNOT PAY FOR HIS CURE, BWANA, BUT IN GRATITUDE HE IS CARVING YOUR IMAGE OUT OF THIS EBONY LOG!

AH, YES. HOW THEY WORSHIP ME!

BUT THE HEALER'S RIVALS GROW DESPERATE...

IT IS WEEKS SINCE MY MAGIC EARNED ME AS MUCH AS AN EAR OF CORN!

THIS HEALER HAS CAST A *SPELL* OVER OUR PEOPLE! WHILE *HE* GROWS RICH, *WE STARVE!*

WHAT CAN WE DO? HIS FETISHES ARE STRONGER THAN OURS!

BUT EACH NIGHT HE LOCKS THEM IN THAT LITTLE BLACK BAG... WHAT IF WE WERE TO STEAL IT?

THAT NIGHT, AS THE HEALER SLEEPS...

AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY...

WHUH! WITHOUT HIS FETISHES THE HEALER WILL BE POWERLESS!

I HAVE OFTEN SEEN HIM LOOK THROUGH THIS TALISMAN! IT MUST HAVE A SPECIAL MAGIC!

YOUR FLESH! IT HAS VANISHED! ALL I CAN SEE IS BONES!

THOSE FETISHES ARE THINGS OF EVIL! CAST THEM AWAY BEFORE WE BOTH BECOME A PILE OF BONES!

EEEEYAH!

HOURS LATER AS FAULKNER FOLLOWS THE THIEVES' TRAIL...

THE BAG... EMPTY! THEN THEY MUST HAVE THROWN THE INSTRUMENTS INTO THE RIVER! ALL THOSE WONDROUS POWERS WERE MINE... AND THEY'RE *GONE... GONE!*

THE NEXT DAY AS THE CORRESPONDENTS ARRIVE...

THE HEALER? ALAS, HE HAS *ABANDONED* US... VANISHED INTO THE JUNGLE!

BUT WE CAME HERE TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS... TO PHOTOGRAPH HIM... TO GET THE STORY OF HIS LIFE!

HIS NAME WAS FAULKNER... WHERE HE CAME FROM I DO NOT KNOW! AS FOR WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THIS MAN IS CARVING THE HEALER'S LIKENESS!

THAT FACE! I COULD SWEAR I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE...

ME, TOO! BUT THE NAME *WASN'T* FAULKNER!

FAULKNER, LORING, FEDOR... THE NAMES DO NOT MATTER. THE MASQUERADER HAS MANY ROLES YET TO PLAY, BUT NONE MORE STRANGE THAN THAT OF THE HEALER, WHOSE MIRACULOUS POWERS CAME FROM THE VOID OF SPACE AND VANISHED INTO THE *TWILIGHT ZONE.*

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

ONCE UPON A DREAM

DURING THE WINTER OF 1918, A GERMAN ARTILLERY BARRAGE BATTERS AWAY AT CRUMBLING RESISTANCE IN SOUTHEAST POLAND...

BLAM!

FIRE— FIRE!

VARR-OOM!

AND WITH THE BELEAGUERED POLISH TROOPS...

ANTON, IN THE BASEMENT YOU'LL FIND CHEESES AND WINE! BRING BACK WHAT YOU CAN FOR THE MEN! *HURRY!*

YES, CAPTAIN, AT ONCE!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

THERE! THIS SHOULD DO IT! NOW TO GET BACK UPSTAIRS!

SUDDENLY...

SCREEEEEEEE

WHA--?

CRASH!

OH--HH!

THE MONTHS PASS, THE BLOODY WAR ENDS, BUT IN CZERNAK, POLAND, A YOUNG GIRL HAS ANOTHER OF HER RECURRING DREAMS...

IT WAS ANTON, MOTHER! JUST LIKE IN LIFE! I HEARD HIM CALL OUT!

A DREAM, MY CHILD! NOTHING MORE!

THE RECURRING DREAM IS ALWAYS THE SAME... THE CRUMBLING CASTLE HIGH ATOP A HILL...

FOLLOWED BY THE SAME ANGUISHED CRY OF DESPAIR...

HELP ME, MYRNA! DON'T ***FORSAKE*** ME!

REPEATEDLY, THE GIRL TAKES HER STORY TO THE POLISH ARMY AUTHORITIES...

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MISS! YOUR FIANCÉ ANTON OMENSKI HAS BEEN LISTED MISSING FOR OVER A YEAR! DON'T BUILD FALSE HOPES, MY CHILD! HE IS LONG DEAD! BUILD A NEW LIFE FOR YOURSELF!

BUT, AS THE DREAM CONTINUES TO RECUR, MYRNA SETS FORTH ON AN ENDLESS QUEST...

EVERYONE SHE MEETS, SHE QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS DREAM OF A CASTLE AND A SOLDIER!

A LOONY, KARL! WHAT ELSE!

THE LONG MONTHS DRAG ON...A YEAR PASSES...

THERE GOES THE *LOONY!*

MY MOTHER SAYS SHE'S A *WITCH!*

APOT

BEGGING FOR FOOD, SLEEPING WHERE SHE CAN, MYRNA CONTINUES HER SEARCH AS HER DREAM CONTINUES TO RECUR...

MYRNA, DON'T *FORSAKE* ME!

THEN, ONE DAY IN APRIL, 1920, AS THE WANDERING GIRL APPROACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZLOTA...

OH--HH! IT'S THERE! I--I'M NOT *DREAMING*...

IT'S THE CASTLE! THE *EXACT* CASTLE AS THE ONE IN MY DREAM!

NOT LONG AFTERWARDS...

WHAT IS IT, JANOV? WHAT GOES?

SOME CRAZY GIRL UP BY THE OLD CASTLE! COME LOOK!

ZLOTA

AS MYRNA TUGS AT THE BOULDERS, THE GATHERED CROWD ENJOYS HER TORMENT...

WHAT IS SHE SEEKING -- BURIED TREASURE?

NO! SHE DIGS FOR A DREAM! HA, HA!

BUT WHEN A GOOD-NATURED VILLAGER LENDS A HAND...

COME ON! LET'S GIVE THE LITTLE BEAUTY SOME HELP! HA, HA!

SURE! WHY NOT?

AS THE AMUSED VILLAGE HANDS PITCH IN, AN AREA IS CLEARED...THEN, SUDDENLY...

OH-HH!

A VOICE--!

A STAIRWAY! IT'S COMING FROM DOWN BELOW!

AND MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE HAGGARD FIGURE EMERGES...

ANTON! *ANTON!*

MYRNA! Y-YOU *FOUND* ME!

FOLLOWING HIS TWO-YEAR ORDEAL, DURING WHICH TIME ANTON OMENSKI SUBSISTED ON THE WINE AND CHEESE IN THE CASTLE'S SEALED-OFF CELLAR, THE GRATEFUL YOUNG MAN AND MYRNA WERE MARRIED — A TRUE STORY FROM OUT OF THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

HE WALKED ON WATER

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DURING WORLD WAR II BRITISH WARRANT OFFICER NORMAN FRANCIS WAS SHOT DOWN OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

FALLING INTO THE SEA, FRANCIS FOUGHT FREE OF THE PARACHUTE. HE COULDN'T SWIM. THE SHORE WAS MILES AWAY.

PREPARED TO DIE, FRANCIS PRAYED FOR A MIRACLE. SUDDENLY HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING IN THE WATER.

THOUGH MILES AT SEA, HE WAS ABLE TO WALK. SOME WEIRD INVISIBLE FORCE SUPPORTED HIM UNTIL HE REACHED THE DISTANT COASTLINE.

YEARS LATER, FRANCIS CHECKED THE CHANNEL IN THAT AREA. IT WAS FATHOMS DEEP, YET HE'D WALKED THOSE WAVES-- BY A MIRACLE.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

The SHIP THAT KNEW

IN 1887, WHILE CRUISING THE SOUTH PACIFIC, THE WHALER *CANTON* REFUSED TO ANSWER HER HELM!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN! SHE'S BEEN FIGHTING THE WHEEL ALL MORNING!

SHE'S LIKE A LIVE THING, WITH A WILL OF HER OWN!

THE *CANTON'S* A GOOD, HONEST SHIP! THIS COULD BE THE WILL OF PROVIDENCE! LET HER STEER HER OWN COURSE!

CANTON

FOR TWO DAYS THE WINDS DROVE THE SHIP NORTHWARD! THE CREW WAS PUZZLED!

LETTING THE SHIP STEER HERSELF! BAH! I SAY THE CAPTAIN'S A SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL!

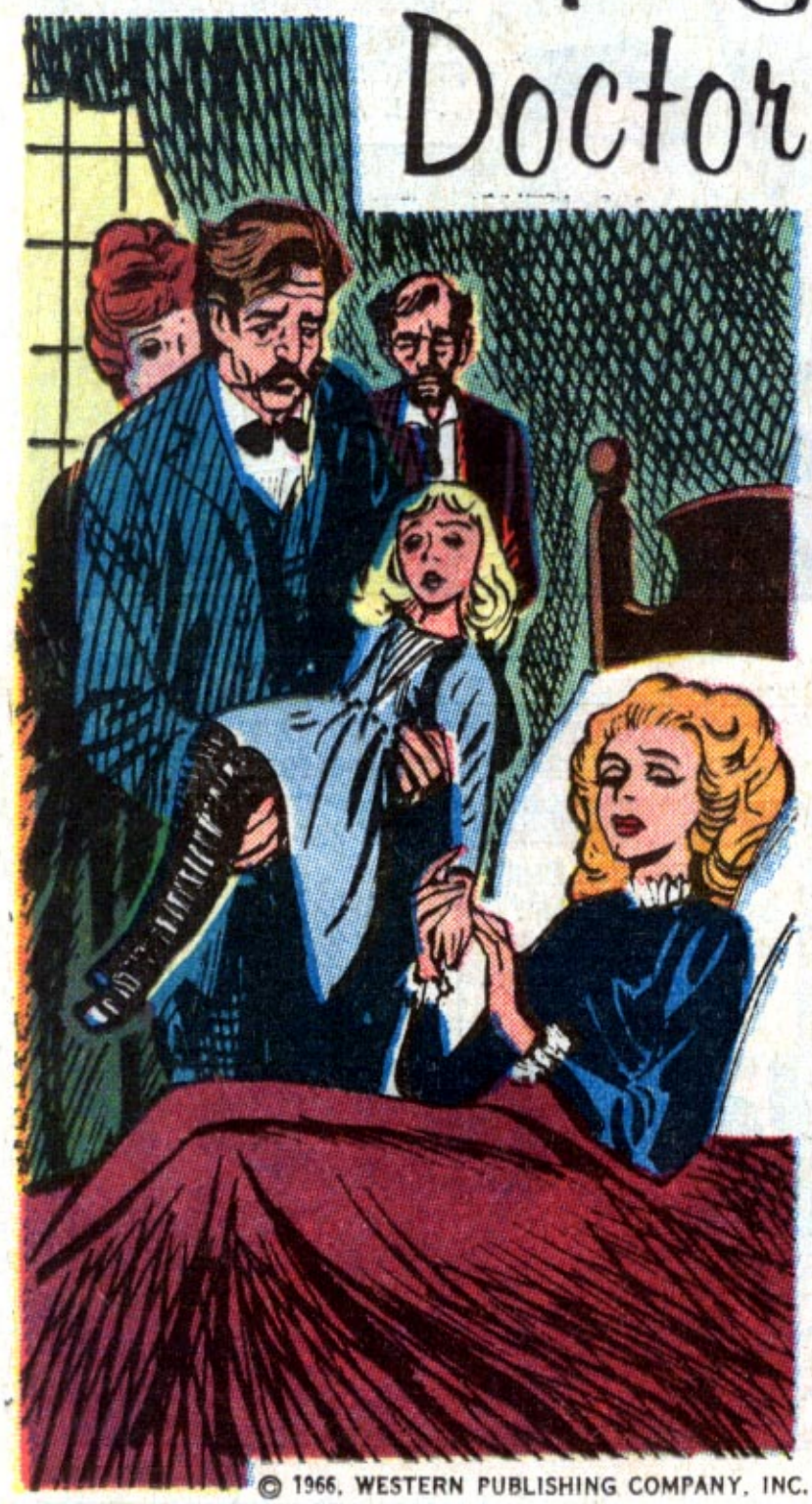
SUDDENLY...

CAPTAIN! SOMETHING IN THE WATER, TWO MILES AHEAD!

THEY'RE LIFEBOATS!

THE BOATS HELD THE SURVIVORS OF THE SUNKEN SHIP *MONARCH* WHO HAD BEEN ADRIFT FOR DAYS! WHAT MYSTERIOUS HAND GUIDED THE *CANTON* TO THEIR RESCUE?

The Sleeping Doctor



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Lucy Ainsworth was born with an eerie talent, but the people of her home town, Calais, Vermont were unaware of her weird gift until she was fourteen years old.

In 1833 a neighbor lost a valuable gold watch. His family helped him search for the lost timepiece. Though they hunted everywhere, the watch could not be found. Lucy and her mother came to help look for the watch and later returned home.

That afternoon Lucy decided to nap. She awakened soon afterward, bubbling with excitement. "I had a dream! Mr. Barnes' watch is under the hammock near his pear tree. He dropped it there when he was asleep!"

Amazingly, the watch was found exactly where Lucy had predicted. The neighbors scoffed when they heard the news, but before long Lucy was helping other people find lost objects by going to sleep and dreaming where the lost items would be found.

Years passed and Lucy was married to a farmer named Cooke. Her weird talent began to develop in a new direction. While in her dream-trances she began to diagnose illnesses and prescribe for them. While in a trance-state she would even set broken bones and dislocations. People called her Doctor Cooke.

Dr. Cooke often cured severely painful injuries with the gentle touch of her hands. It was said that she could set a bone painlessly even though no anesthetic was used. Neighbors often turned to Lucy when conventional doctors were unable to help them. Even without a medical education Lucy would diagnose them successfully and prescribe treatments and medicines which would cure the sick and injured. She gained a reputation as one of the most successful doctors of her day.

When her first husband died Lucy remarried, becoming Mrs. Everett Raddin. The number of patients who turned to her for help increased steadily, year after year. She established her own drug pharmacy where pharmacists could develop the medicines she prescribed. Lucy practiced in Vermont for more than twenty years. She had an office in Boston for twelve years more. Later, in North Cambridge, her home could be identified by the patients waiting outside, people who had come from all over the country. They were the sick, the feeble, the injured whom other doctors had given up. Hopefully they turned to the woman called Sleeping Lucy seeking the help of this amazing woman whose fantastic talent science could not explain.

Lucy herself could never explain this strange ability. All she knew was that it came from some eerie source and that it was something she could not control.

To the end of her life Sleeping Lucy practiced this astonishing healing ability—producing medical miracles—only when she slept.

CRYSTAL CLEAR

ON APRIL 29, 1794, ALL FRANCE WAS IN THE GRIP OF THE REIGN OF TERROR, THE REVOLUTION HAD BEEN SUCCEEDED BY REVENGE! EVERYONE WAS SUSPECT, EVEN THE HIGH-RANKING GENERAL MARLIÈRE...

WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

GENERAL, IN THE NAME OF THE REVOLUTION, YOU ARE UNDER *ARREST!*

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RIDICULOUS! I AM A LOYAL SERVANT OF THE REPUBLIC--

THERE IS REASON TO BELIEVE YOU ARE SECRETLY *OPPOSED* TO THE RULE OF THE JACOBINS! YOU WILL BE *TRIED!*

VAINLY, GENERAL MARLIÈRE PROTESTED HIS INNOCENCE! HE WAS HURLED INTO A WELL-FILLED CELL OF OTHER SUSPECTS...

FUNNY, *THEY* ALL SAID THE SAME THING, TOO!

BUT THIS IS A *MISTAKE!*

IN THE WAITING WEEKS BEFORE HIS TRIAL, GENERAL MARLIÈRE BECAME FRIENDLY WITH A FELLOW PRISONER, MONSIEUR PIERRE HENRI...

PIERRE, YOU KEEP TELLING ME OF YOUR FAITH IN DIVINING THE FUTURE FROM A *CRYSTAL BALL!* WHY NOT HAVE *MY* FUTURE READ?

AH, BUT YOUR FUTURE IS ALL TOO OBVIOUS! YOU WILL BE TRIED--CONDEMNED AND GUILLOTINED!

TRUE, ONLY ONE OUT OF A HUNDRED IN HERE ESCAPES THE BLADE, BUT MAYBE I *AM* THAT ONE! PLEASE, LET ME HAVE A READING!

VERY WELL, BUT I HOPE WE BOTH DO NOT *REGRET* THIS...

ON VISITOR'S DAY, PIERRE HENRI HAD A YOUNG BOY PASSED INTO HIS CELL AS HIS NEPHEW! ACTUALLY, HE WAS SCRYER, A PERSON WHOSE UNUSUAL PSYCHIC POWERS ENABLED HIM TO READ A CRYSTAL BALL...

THIS WILL BE USELESS! THE BALL IS HAZY! *NOTHING* CAN BE SEEN!

YES--THE MIST IS MOVING--PARTING--REVEALING--

SHADOWS! SHADOWS MOVE--HUMAN FIGURES--THEY ARE GETTING LIGHTER--TAKING SHAPE--AND FORM--

AH, HERE! ONE FIGURE IS CLEAR NOW! HE WEARS A UNIFORM--THE UNIFORM OF THE *ARMY!* HE IS AN OFFICER--A *GENERAL!*

THAT MUST BE *ME!*

SHH! LET HIM READ ON!

THE OTHER FIGURE--IS IN UNIFORM, TOO--NO--NOT AN ARMY UNIFORM--BUT DRESSED AS A *PRIVATE* IN THE *NATIONAL GUARD!*

N-NO! NO! I DO NOT SEE --ANYMORE!

YOU *DID* SEE MORE! NO MATTER WHAT IT WAS -- *SPEAK!*

TH-THE MAN IN THE NATIONAL GUARD UNIFORM AND THE GENERAL WERE STRUGGLING -- HAVING A DEADLY *FIGHT!*

GOOD! THEN I AM *SAFE!*

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?

NO MATTER HOW THAT FIGHT ENDS, AT LEAST I WILL *NOT* BE BEHEADED!

THERE IS SAMSON, THE OFFICIAL EXECUTIONER! SEE WHAT *HE* WEARS? A UNIFORM OF BLACK! HE *ISN'T* IN THE NATIONAL GUARD! AND *ONLY* SAMSON EXECUTES THE CONDEMNED! *ANOTHER* FATE AWAITS ME!

A WEEK LATER, THE HARSH TRIBUNAL CONSIDERED GENERAL MARLIÈRE'S CASE...

YOU ARE ACCUSED AND FOUND GUILTY OF BEING *ANTI-JACOBIN*, A BETRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION! FOR THIS -- YOU WILL BE *GUILLOTINED!*

NO, THE CRYSTAL BALL WAS RIGHT -- I'LL *NEVER* BE BEHEADED!

SMILING? DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE SENTENCE?

YES, BUT MY SENTENCE IS *NOT* MY FATE!

THE NEXT DAY, A CONFIDENT GENERAL MARLIÈRE MARCHED UP TO THE GUILLOTINE...

NOW FOR THE ***MIRACLE*** THE CRYSTAL BALL HINTED WILL SPARE ME!

LOOK AT HIM SMILE! BUT THAT WILL CHANGE WHEN HE SEES ***SAMSON!***

A CHEER WENT UP! THEN A LAUGH! SAMSON WAS COMING, BUT THIS DAY TO HUMOR HIS VANITY AND BE SURE OF CATCHING THE CROWD'S EYE, HE WAS IN UNIFORM...

LOOK AT HIM! WHEN DID SAMSON JOIN THE *NATIONAL GUARD?*

N-NO! NO!

DESPERATELY, GENERAL MARLIÈRE HURLED HIMSELF AT THE EXECUTIONER! AND JUST AS THE CRYSTAL BALL PREDICTED, THE TWO UNIFORMED MEN FOUGHT...

THE PROPHECY IN THE CRYSTAL BALL THAT GAVE GENERAL MARLIÈRE SUCH HOPE IRONICALLY CAME ALL TOO FATALLY TRUE!

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

MARS: DEAD OR ALIVE

STOP! DO NOT SLAY THE VISITORS!

ZAP!

TO CAPSULE PILOT, CHET CHAMBERS, THE MARTIAN LANDSCAPE WAS AS REAL AND FERTILE AS YELLOW-STONE NATIONAL PARK! BUT, OF COURSE, IT *COULDN'T* BE-- FOR THE SPACE PHOTOS SHOWED MARS TO BE A *DEAD* PLANET... AND THIS MUST BE MERELY A TRIP THROUGH THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

IN-INCREDIBLE! MARS *ISN'T* A BARREN PLANET VOID OF VEGETATION AND PLANT LIFE... IT'S *FERTILE* LIKE *EARTH!*

ON A BIZARRE LANDSCAPE OUTSIDE OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE SPACEPORT...

NO! NO! REDUCE YOUR MACHINE TO HALF-SPEED ...YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST!

AND INSIDE THE AWKWARD APPEARING CONVEYANCE...

STRAIGHTEN HER OUT... IF YOU TIP OVER ON A MARTIAN CRATER, IT'LL BE CURTAINS, CHAMBERS!

ROGER-R!

I'VE GOT HER BARRELING ALONG NOW...SHE'S PURRING LIKE A MECHANICAL KITTEN!

GOOD! BRING HER IN AND LET'S WATCH PETE GO FOR A BULL'S-EYE CRATER TOUCHDOWN!

MOMENTS LATER, THE TWO MEN WATCH AS A CHUTE OPENS OVERHEAD...

WHEN THE TIME COMES, LANDING SMACK ON TARGET MAY BE VITAL!

EASY AS SHE GOES, PETE, BOY...

THE CAPSULE HOVERS OVER THE EXPERIMENTAL MARTIAN LANDSCAPE LIKE A BILLOWY BIRD, THEN...

BULL'S-EYE!

AND AFTERWARDS...

OKAY, MEN, WE'VE PASSED PHASE ONE OF OPERATION MARS WITH FLYING COLORS! YOU'RE ALL SET FOR THE RECONNOITER FLIGHTS!

MARS PLAN

YOU'LL ORBIT OVER *THIS* AREA *HERE*... IN MARS' CENTRAL ZONE! YOUR CRAFT WILL TAKE AUTOMATIC PHOTOS, DOUBLE-CHECKING WHAT WE HAVE!

AFTERWARD, IF EVERYTHING CHECKS OUT A-OKAY, YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY! ON THE NEXT FLIGHT, YOU'LL BE THE *FIRST MEN ON MARS!*

JUST THINK, CHET, WE'RE GOING TO MARS! TOO BAD IT'S A *DEAD* PLANET LIKE THE MOON! THAT TAKES AWAY SOME OF THE EXCITEMENT!

NOT *EXACTLY*, PETE!

THE PHOTOS ONLY SHOW THAT IT *COULD* BE DEAD! WE'RE NOT *POSITIVE!*

OH, GET OFF IT, FELLA! LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS IS FOR THE SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS! HOW MUCH *PROOF* DO YOU WANT?

SO IT BEGINS...A WEEK LATER, THE PAIR ARE ROCKETED INTO DEEP SPACE...

UNITED STATES

AND AS THE CRAFT STREAKS THROUGH THE VOID TOWARD MARS, THE DISCUSSION CONTINUES...

SURE, CHET... MAYBE ***SOMEWHERE*** OUT THERE IN A REMOTE CORNER OF OUR GALAXY ***SOME*** SORT OF LIFE MIGHT EXIST! BUT WE'LL NEVER FIND IT IN OUR LIFETIME!

I DISAGREE, PETE! JUST BECAUSE MARS SEEMS TO CHECK OUT AS A ***DEAD*** PLANET DOESN'T MEAN LIFE CAN'T ***STILL*** EXIST IN ***OUR SOLAR SYSTEM!***

FINALLY, MONTHS LATER, THE WONDEROUS PANORAMA OF THE MARTIAN LANDSCAPE UNFOLDS BEFORE THEM...

THERE SHE IS, CHET... ...A DEAD BALL OF ***NOTHINGNESS*** WHIRLING THROUGH SPACE!

CUT THE SARCASM AND TRIGGER OUR AUTOMATIC CAMERA!

FOR FIVE HOURS THE CRAFT ORBITS ABOUT THE CRATER-FILLED PLANET, UNTIL...

WE HAVE COMPANY, PETER! ***METEOR!*** AND SHE'S COMING INTO OUR ORBIT!

SUDDENLY, CONTROLLED PANIC GRIPS THE PAIR...

WE'RE ON A COLLISION COURSE!

THE PORT RETRO ROCKETS...HIT THEM! *SIDESTEP* THAT BABY!

TOO LATE THE SPACESHIP IS ROCKETED ASIDE! A FLAMING MASS OF GASES HURTLE PAST AND...

SHE SINGED OUR TAIL, PETE! HANG ON...WE'RE BEING BUSTED OUT OF ORBIT!

DOWN...DOWN THE MARS #1 PLUMMETS... TOWARD THE CRATER-SPOTTED TERRAIN BELOW...

INSIDE, THE ASTRONAUTS' BODIES ARE TORN BY G-FORCES AS THE SHIP SPINS DOWNWARD...

GO-GOT TO TRIGGER LANDING ROCKETS... TRY TO *SOFT-LAND!*

BUT THE GRAVITATIONAL FORCE OF MARS IS TOO STRONG...THE "INVADER" IS DRAWN IN...

RIIIIIP!

CRAAAACK!

SOON AFTER, A FIGURE STAGGERS FROM THE DISABLED CRAFT...

I-I'M ALIVE... GOT OUT IN ONE PIECE! BU-BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG!

M-MY HELMET IS SMASHED... BUT I'M STILL BREATHING! TH-THERE'S OXYGEN ON MARS... AND FOLIAGE... GREEN FOLIAGE!

SUDDENLY, THE MIND OF ASTRONAUT CHET CHAMBERS GRASPS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

A NETTING... HOLDING UP A PAPER-LIKE COVERING! CAMOUFLAGE! THE PLANET WAS CAMOUFLAGED TO MAKE IT APPEAR DEAD!

PETE! PETE! IT WAS ALL A RUSE... THERE ARE NO CRATERS ON MARS... IT WAS JUST A TRICK! THERE'S LIFE HERE!

HALF-CRAZED WITH SHOCK AND WONDER, HE RACES INTO THE FOLIAGE...

A LIVING, BREATHING PLANET ...JUST LIKE OURS! WE HAVE NEIGHBORS IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM! WH-WHERE ARE YOU?... COME OUT! LET US MEET!

SUDDENLY, AN ALIEN EYE SIGHTS ALONG A WEAPON'S BARREL...

OUR SECRET HAS BEEN REVEALED! THERE IS ONLY ONE COURSE TO TAKE!

BUT THEN...

STOP! DO NOT SLAY THE VISITOR!

ZAP!

HE MUST RETURN **ALIVE** TO INFORM HIS PLANET THAT THERE IS **NO LIFE** HERE ...IF HE DOES NOT, FOR CENTURIES TO COME, OTHERS WILL **FOLLOW!**

MARTIANS!

HIS EYES WIDE WITH AWE, CHAMBERS GOES TO MEET THE TWO MEN FROM ANOTHER WORLD...

MAN'S AGE-OLD DREAM COME TRUE AT LAST...BEINGS FROM **ANOTHER WORLD!**

HELLO! I AM FROM **EARTH!**

CAN YOU **UNDER-STAND** ME?

BUT AS THE ASTRONAUT EXTENDS HIS HAND...

W-WE MUST **TRY** TO UNDER-STAND EACH OTHER AND... **OH-H-H!**

IT IS BEST THAT YOU RECEIVE THE SERUM OF FOR-GETFULNESS, EARTHLING!

A THOUSAND PIN PRICKS SEEM TO PIERCE CHAMBERS' BRAIN... HIS HEAD SWIRLS...

M-MY HEAD ...WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?

TWEEEOOO

AND AS THE NOTES OF THE ALIEN'S EERIE WHISTLE WAFT THROUGH THE FOLIAGE...

TWEEOOOOO

REPAIR THE EARTH SHIP! HURRY! WE MUST LAUNCH IT INTO ORBIT AGAIN!

AND SCANT MARTIAN MINUTES LATER...

SWOOSH!

THEN 100 MILES ABOVE THE PLANET...

TH-THE METEOR'S GONE! (*WHEW!*) THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A CLOSE ONE! I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO CLIP US FOR CERTAIN, CHET!

YE-YES ...WE... WERE REALLY... LUCKY!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU LOOK SICK!

JUST KIND OF DIZZY...GUESS I'VE GOT A LITTLE SPACE SICKNESS! OH, WELL, MISSION'S COMPLETE, ANYWAY...RADIO THE BASE WE'RE HEADING HOME!

AND SO, WEEKS LATER, SPACE MEDICAL MEN RUSH THEM FROM THEIR SPACECRAFT...

PERFECT MISSION, MEN! AFTER YOU GET CHECKED OUT IN SPACE MED, WE'LL GET THE WHOLE STORY!

BUT AS CHAMBERS IS CHECKED, HIS MIND STIRS WITH SHADOWY MEMORIES...

FUNNY... I KEEP FEELING THAT I REALLY ***LANDED*** ON MARS... IT'S LIKE A DREAM... I CAN ALMOST SEE ITS GREEN FOLIAGE!

THAT'S A DREAM ALL RIGHT! IT'S ONLY NATURAL, CHET... YOU'VE ALWAYS ***WISHED*** THERE WAS LIFE THERE!

... SO YOUR ***SUBCONSCIOUS*** MADE IT COME ***TRUE!***

SAY-Y! THAT'S STRANGE... THERE'S A CHEMICAL IN YOUR BLOOD THAT I CAN'T ANALYZE! PERHAPS DEEP SPACE RADIATION CAUSED IT...

BUT DON'T WORRY, CHET! IT ISN'T DANGEROUS! WE'LL CHECK IT OUT LATER AT THE LAB!

SURE!

MEDI ROOM

CHET DOESN'T WORRY... NOT UNTIL A WEEK LATER WHEN HE CHECKS HIS SPACE GEAR IN THE LOCKER....

CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE THAT STUPID DREAM OUT OF MY HEAD... BETTER GET A GRIP ON MYSELF!

I ***COULDN'T*** HAVE LANDED ON MARS! ***WH-WHAT'S THAT?***

AND SUDDENLY, HIS NIGHTMARISH DREAM HAS COME TRUE...

THAT ***FLOWER***... IT'S ***IDENTICAL*** TO THE ONES I WALKED THROUGH IN MY DREAM! IF I WERE ***REALLY*** THERE... AND A MARTIAN PLANT SPORE GOT CAUGHT IN MY SHOE... AND THEN ***GREW*** HERE ON EARTH...

WHATEVER THE ANSWER, CHET CHAMBERS MUST LIVE ALONE WITH THE THOUGHT-- IT IS ***HIS*** SECRET OF... THE ***TWILIGHT ZONE!***

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